

EDISON AND TESLA RIVALS.

EACH HAS INVENTED A VACUUM ELECTRIC LIGHT OF WONDERFUL SOFTNESS AND ILLUMINATING POWER.

Nikola Tesla has devised a light as steady as the sun and more brilliant than any artificial light now in use. He is guarding the secret of its production jealously, but it is known that the light is created within a vacuum tube by an electric current passing through a wire that touches the tube, but does not enter it. As friends of Tesla, who have learned something of the system, a current of electricity passing close to the vacuum tube disturbs the remaining particles of air—no tube can be made a complete vacuum—and the vibrations of these atoms creates the light. The effect can be felt by touching the electric wire at any point with a vacuum tube, and as the tubes are easily made, it is claimed by Tesla's friends that the system will be a commercial success. The secret, which Tesla guards, is how to make the tubes, and the strength of the current that must be used.

One of the advantages in the system, it is claimed, is that whereas now only three per cent of illuminating power is obtained from the amount of current expended, by Tesla's invention there will be ten per cent of illuminating power. In ordinary incandescent lights much of the energy is lost in heat. Tesla's tubes when in operation are nearly cold. The light is brilliant and is as pleasant to the eye as the moon's reflections.

Dr. Clark Benjamin, a well known electrical expert, at the electrical show last night said:

"I don't know what Tesla has discovered, but I have faith in his ability, and I know he has been working hard to produce a successful vacuum tube light. The tubes are like the Crookes' tube, except that the air is not exhausted to the same degree. The molecules remaining are, of course, far apart and the electricity causes them to vibrate violently. All light is caused by vibration, so there is the secret of the whole thing. If the tube was not a vacuum, the air particles would be close together and there would not be the same effect. If the air was exhausted as in the Crookes' tube, there would not be enough of the molecules vibrating to cause the white light."

B. H. Green, a personal friend of Tesla's, said:

"In gas lighting less than 1 per cent of energy consumed produces light. In incandescent electric lighting about 3 per cent is available. We are able now to run about fifteen 16-candle power lights with one horse-power, and electricians have considered the possibilities to be about twenty 16-candle power lights to one horse-power. So it can be readily seen that any present form of illumination would be placed at serious disadvantage in competition with a system which could double or triple the efficiency."

LAMBS AT THEIR GAMBOLS.

Laughable Travesties on Popular Plays Presented at the Broadway Theatre.

The annual gambol for ladies was given by the Lambs at the Broadway Theatre yesterday afternoon. The programme consisted of travesties upon popular plays, and the large audience shrieked with laughter during the three hours of presentation.

The first number was called "A Part of Maryland," or, Her Golden Hair, etc., by Augustus Thomas. De Wolf Hopper, in a long monologue, was a cycle company of South Broadway. He was a graduate of universities in New York and Heidelberg, was a finished scholar and gentleman in all his instincts, but he was addicted to drink. Rev. E. B. Brainerd became interested in him and took Woodcock home. Medical advice was tried and choral prescribed to brace the patient. Woodcock grew more and more despondent, but lately announced it as his determination to make a home for himself in the right direction. He made the effort and failed. This morning, after dressing, he swallowed the contents of a bottle of chloral and rode off to a drug store and had the pills refilled. He immediately drank the contents of the bottle, and then, mounting his wheel, hastened down Figueroa street. At the corner of Thirty-second street his wheel gave a lurch and he fell off, striking his eye and cutting his forehead. Woodcock lay there unconscious until bystanders summoned a patrol wagon. When the police arrived he was found to be dead. It was ascertained that he had taken about 30 grains of chloral.

PUT HER IN THE ICE BOX.

Murdered Catherine Gling's Niece Roughly Handled by a Grocer.

Chicago, May 21.—Mrs. M. A. Ireland, a widow living in the Vendome flats, Ogden avenue and Madison street, and a sister of Catherine Gling, who was murdered by Harry Hayward, swore out a warrant to-day for the arrest of William Cassie, a grocer, at No. 533 West Madison street. Yesterday afternoon Mrs. Ireland's daughter, Clara, aged sixteen, went into Cassie's store to exchange a pound of coffee, which was burnt and bitter. Cassie denied that the coffee had been bought of him, whereupon the girl threw the package at his head. Thereupon Cassie grasped Miss Ireland by the shoulders and hurled her into the street. When a crowd gathered in front of the store he released her. The girl, who was almost hysterical, left the store weeping vengeance. She returned later, accompanied by her mother and some friends. A policeman arrived about the same time. Cassie demanded the arrest of the girl, and Mrs. Ireland insisted on Cassie's arrest, but the policeman told them both to get a warrant. This Mrs. Ireland did to-day and to-morrow the story will be told in court. The girl's lip is cut and her knee black and blue from the force with which Cassie slammed the chest door upon her.

THIEF WAS CHLOROFORMED.

Sad Experience of a Lad Who Stole a Doctor's Case.

Cleveland, O., May 21.—An incorrigible boy named Charles Dauphine nearly lost his life to-day as the result of a theft. He removed a surgical case from the store of Dr. George G. Farnsworth, which was standing in front of the latter's office, at No. 308 Pearl street, and fled with it to the Brooklyn car barns, where he opened it with a knife. In doing so he cut the cork from a bottle of chloroform and was rapidly being overcome by the fumes when an assistant of Dr. Farnsworth found him in a semi-conscious condition in a vacant portion of the barn. He was aroused with difficulty, but when taken into the air revived quickly. Patrolman McGuire, who had been watching the boy for some time, arrested him on the charge of petty larceny. He was assessed \$5 and costs in the Police Court this afternoon.

Admiral Bunce's Fleet Destroyed.

Orders came for Admiral Bunce, commanding the North Atlantic Squadron, through the Brooklyn Navy Yard yesterday, directing him not to leave port with the ships of his command before Monday. Preparations had been made to go to sea yesterday, but the fleet was held up by the orders. The battleship Maine is expected to reach this port in a few days. The Torpedo fleet will drop anchor in the harbor within a week and the battleship Indiana will drop down the bay from the Navy Yard on June 1.

Town Tales and Tattle.

Abner McKinley is not interested in politics. It must be so, for he said it himself no longer ago than yesterday, as he was reviewing his autobiography on the Windsor register after an absence of two weeks.

"But you have just returned from a trip through Ohio and Pennsylvania, Mr. McKinley?"

"Ahem, yes, a short trip, merely for pleasure."

"Do you mean to say, Mr. McKinley, that when you are looking for pleasure you have to go from New York to Ohio to get it?"

Mr. McKinley smiled, and his smile was twin sister to the one that masks the countenance of his illustrious brother in the pressing presence of the currency question.

"Isn't it barely possible, Mr. McKinley, that while you were in Ohio you may have heard a word dropped respecting Cabinet possibilities?"

Mr. McKinley said that if any such word was dropped in his presence it was too small to make noise enough for him to hear.

"What is your personal opinion, Mr. McKinley, regarding the rumor that Mark Hanna has offered the Postmaster-Generalship to Moses P. Handy and the Editor Kohlsaat, of Chicago, will have to put up with the army hard-tack contract—which would be such a bad thing, after all, considering that the English are bound to fight us on the tariff proposition, and that Editor Kohlsaat owns the finest cracker bakery in the United States. What is your personal opinion on this point, Mr. McKinley?"

"This is the first I've heard of it."

"When shall you go to Ohio again—for pleasure, Mr. McKinley?"

"Hardly again, this season. You see, I am simply a plain, hard-working lawyer, with little time for pleasure. Come to my office—337 Broadway—some day, and you will see that I am a lawyer—nothing more."

And Mr. McKinley looked as innocent as though he imagined that I had need of further proof that he was, indeed, a lawyer.

North of Forty-second street.

"Madam, have you rooms to let, with board?"

"Certainly, sir; walk right in. Now that business men and their wives are getting ready to go abroad, I can give you your choice of rooms at very reasonable rates."

South of Forty-second street:

"Madam, have you rooms, etc., etc., etc."

"You are just too late, sir. Now that the theatrical season has closed and the travelling companies are back in town we are full to the garter."

After one of those seasons that try managers' souls, Bailey Avery set foot upon Broadway once more yesterday and proceeded to return thanks.

"How did you get back, Bailey?"

"Oh, I managed to close in Baltimore, instead of Omaha."

The suspicion is current that Bailey Avery will live to fight another day.

Lowell Mason, his flowing mustaches and his black felt sombrero, make their headquarters at the St. Cloud. Mr. Mason is looking for an opera. He says it will be by Harvard College men and that its name will not be "The Sphinx."

The new Western Napoleon of theatricals, the late Ira J. La Motte, the manager of the Schiller Theatre, Chicago, and the custodian of Clay Clement's rose-colored prospects, came in with the rainy spell. He is looking for a New York theatre. Several managers are quoted as venturing the opinion that any member of their guild who can make money in Chicago will be warmly welcomed on Broadway.

Bystanders in the vicinity of Daly's Theatre were dumfounded on a recent afternoon by the extraordinary conduct of William H. Crane in the presence of Herrmann and several fellow professionals. The magician was the last to join the group. As he approached Mr. Crane threw up his hands, assumed a look of terror and exclaimed:

"Good Heavens, I'm dead!"

Herrmann alone seemed to understand the significance of Mr. Crane's paroxysm, and it was evident that he was offended, for he turned on his heel and stalked majestically down the street. Whereupon Mr. Crane had to explain matters, which he did in effect as follows:

The week before the first performance of "The Rivals," with the star cast, Mr. Crane was horrified to discover that he had lost his voice. Sir Anthony Absolute without a voice would be a hollow mockery. The bare notion of being crowded out of such a cast was insupportable. So Mr. Crane sought a specialist—the most expensive one he could find—and told him that money was no object. The specialist seemed to disagree with the actor on this point, but he made ample amends by declaring that if Mr. Crane would deny himself the solace of speech for a week he would be all right on the opening night.

On the afternoon preceding the opening Mr. Crane was partaking of a light lunch, when Herrmann, whom he had not seen for some months, entered the dining room.

"Glad to see you, Billy; how are you?"

Dr. D'Ambrosio attended Mrs. Governor Sunday, when she gave birth to twins. Mrs. Governor says he demanded that she sign a certificate for him Sunday afternoon. She told him she could not do it. That evening one of the infants became ill and the doctor was sent for, but Mrs. Governor says he refused to attend. Soon afterward the doctor was informed that the child was dead. Afterward he refused to issue a death certificate. He said he could not give a certificate as he did not know the cause of death. Dr. D'Ambrosio still refuses to issue the certificate yesterday when the Health Board demanded that he do so. Then Deputy Coroner Weston stepped in and gave the certificate.

The dead body of the infant lay in the same room where the mother was ill and neighbors complained. Another physician is now attending the sick mother, who is said to be destitute.

Rose Coghlan is "Next" in the Chair. Rose Coghlan, the actress, was served yesterday with an order to appear in the City Court on Monday, May 25, for examination in supplementary proceedings. The order was issued by Judge O'Dwyer on the application of William Gottlieb, No. 220 Broadway, who holds a judgment of \$170 against the actress.

Good Heavens! I'm Deaf!

said the magician, taking a seat opposite Sir Anthony.

Mr. Crane leaned across the table and formed his inarticulate organs into a perfectly intelligible pantomimic reply:

"Very well, thank you."

"Vat" said Herrmann, beginning to get excited.

Mr. Crane repeated his pantomimic efforts with such success that Herrmann seemed to see the words rolling out of his mouth, though not a syllable could be heard. Suddenly the appalling truth dawned upon him, and, with a gesture of despair, he ejaculated:

"Good Heavens, I'm deaf!"

And now they don't speak.

Advertisements.

Silver violet baskets, asparagus dishes, punch cups, toast racks, sweet-bread dishes, and many other seasonable novelties.

THEODORE B. STARR,
206 Fifth Ave.,
Madison Square.

Richer color combinations cannot be found.
LONG CREDIT.
104 West 14th Street.

Good Things in Next Sunday's Journal.

Fortunate people of America hear how Ingenuity, enterprise, vast expenditure and literary skill have been combined to place at your disposal the Sunday Journal, which costs only three cents and contains forty-four pages!

No form of crime has so great a fascination for the reading public as a poisoning case. One of the most mysterious and thrilling poisoning cases ever known to be investigated in a New York court. In it are involved all the elements of a sensational story. The most stirring character, Julian Hawthorne has made a study of the case of Mrs. Fleming for the readers of the Sunday Journal. To this work he brings the literary skill of a novelist of high rank, and the insight of an able newspaper man. It would be better to miss your breakfast than his study of the case of Mrs. Fleming.

The bicycle continues to work great changes in the physical organization of the human race. Its effects on the female form are of peculiar interest. One of them is described in next Sunday's Journal. Their hands are perceptibly growing larger under its influence.

The oldest hat in the world has been discovered for the benefit of readers of the Sunday Journal. It is of solid gold, beautifully carved and in perfect preservation. Many women will regret that they cannot buy it to wear at the theatre, but the French Government is holding on to it.

The Four Hundred have been startled to find that they concealed twelve poets in their midst. These poets are young women belonging to one of the most famous families in New York, and their work contains many admirable and startling qualities, as the examples printed in the Sunday Journal will prove. No one who cares for literature or for society can afford to miss them.

Lady Sholto Douglas, who has undertaken the almost superhuman task of elevating the British aristocracy, is coming to New York to exhibit her talents as a variety dancer and to carry on the education of her noble husband. The Sunday Journal will contain an appreciative criticism of her talents. As an industrious American citizen and a daughter-in-law of the Marquis of Queensberry, one of the few members of the British nobility who have done anything useful, she must command both our interest and our respect.

A new method of providing employment and a living for the destitute of New York is in operation and promises to be successful. The Sunday Journal will contain an instructive and entertaining account of its working. The persons who have been relieved by it are happy and healthy at work on Long Island. To read about them almost makes one wish to be a pauper, for the Summer at least.

A church on wheels has been built for the bicyclists. It will follow them up in their favorite haunts. This is certainly a case in which the church may be said to be moving with the times.

The most efficient balloon that was ever made is about to start for the North Pole. Hitherto much secrecy has been maintained with regard to its construction, but the Sunday Journal is now able to give full details concerning it. The makers of the balloon affirm that it cannot by any possibility explode, and that its occupants will always be able to return to earth. It will be capable of carrying three men a journey of many days.

A unicycle has been built to take the place of the bicycle. This is not the single wheel of road riders, but a machine useful for the general public.

The women are about to nominate a woman candidate for President of the United States. The nominating convention will give as a valuable idea of the present strength of the woman suffrage movement.

An eminent architect tells in a practical and popular manner how the Greater New York may be made a beautiful city, a worthy rival of Paris.

Every home will be made happier by the Sunday Journal's charming song, "My First and Only Love," printed as a special supplement, musical folio size.

BABY IS BURIED AT LAST.

Body Lay in the Mother's Sick Room Three Days Because No Permit Could Be Had.

Deputy Coroner Weston granted a permit yesterday for the burial of Mrs. Minnie Grover's dead baby, whose corpse had lain in the basement of No. 242 East One Hundred and Tenth street without attention since Monday. Undertaker Lyon had been besieging the Coroner's office and the Board of Health since Wednesday morning for the necessary permission to bury the child. At neither office would the permit be granted, because no death certificate had been issued.

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KIPLING LOOKING FOR PLOT.

Sails Incog with Gloucester Fishermen and Gets Seaside.

Gloucester, Mass., May 21.—Rudyard Kipling and James Conard, of Chatham, arrived here (the former incog) yesterday on board the fishing sloop Venus. They boarded the sloop in Boston, Mr. Kipling taking this method of acquainting himself with actual life on board a fishing vessel for the new story which he is writing.

The men on board the Venus say that Rudyard was seascy, but they enjoyed having him on board, and added the novel, but full of yarns. Although not desiring to be recognized, Mr. Kipling has been sitting about to-day wherever a possible clew for his plot could be obtained.

Special Notices.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.
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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Prepare to exclude the flies; large, eat stock in the world of screens, screen-wire, screen doors and screens. Roebuck's, 172 Fulton st., New York—14th st. and Hamilton ave. Telephone. Custom screens made to order in any wood.

Deaths.

WALSH.—On Thursday, May 21, Patrick J. Walsh, son of Honora Butler and the late Ned Walsh, the Irish patriot, native of County Tipperary, at his residence, No. 48 Prospect place, East Forty-second street. Notice of funeral hereafter.

Business Notices.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind, colic, etc.

Advertisements.

Friday & Saturday, May 22nd & 23rd.

Men's and Boys' Negligee Shirts, (fine quality colored madras—laundered collars and cuffs).

Men's Colored Madras Shirts, (with bosom and reversible link cuffs), \$1.00 each.

Lord & Taylor, Broadway & 20th St.

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Amusements.

SCHULTHEIS' FORT GEORGE CASINO AND HOTEL, between 154th and 160th sts., Amsterdam, Fort George and Linc. Aves. Fair and S. 25c. GRAND SACRED CONCERTS! every afternoon and evening. A. LEDEBERG, Bandmaster. Superior Cuisine and Cafe. Take "F" to 125th st., then cab. 10c. terminus. Admission free.

ELECTRICAL SHOW, 1 P. M. to 10 P. M. 25c. Admission, 25c. Children, 10c. To-night, Moore's Chamber of Light, no wires, no lamps; lights burning under water. Concerts, etc.

Proctor's Pleasure Palace, 58th, 134th, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 64